27: Coxwell--23 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 157, 538

"Various racial traits influence tales. The Tunguses, possessors of admirable qualities such as courage, patience, kindliness and courtesy, lack mental ability and energy. Consequently it is not astonishing that the account of the Creation, called the 'Beginning,' which is ascribed to them, is puerile. The Lapps are simple and gentle, and so, while they have wonderful myths, they would scarcely produce a cruel story like the Yakut 'Dyoudus.' Certain elementary Lappish stories, without a spark of fancy, imply a low mentality. It is true that the Lapps have some highly imaginative stories. But races such as the Kalmucks or Russians apparently seldom produce poor stories. The Russian tales are extraordinarily varied. Their polished drolls and personified abstractions and devout legends are quite beyond Siberian savages and barbarians, though the Kirghiz, Altaians and Yakuts have some fine heroic narratives comparable with the Russian epics."

27: Coxwell--25 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 538

"Primitive tales are apt to mention a certain physical peculiarity; thus an additional eye may be situated at the back of the neck, or a solitary eye may be present, either in the middle of the forehead or on the top of the head, or there may be four eyes. Such idiosyncrasies of one kind or another characterise the early fiction of races so far removed as the Yakut, the Kalmuck, the Samoyede, the Lapp, the Russian and the White-Russian."

27: Coxwell--28 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 538, 776

"It is of importance that travellers who have lived with Sub-Arctic races describe them as being even now primitive savages of a kind depicted in their folk-tales. We learn that the Koryaks and Chukchis sacrifice dogs wholesale to propitiate evil spirits; that both Chukchis and Koryaks kill the old people; and that both races believe completely in the Shaman's ability to communicate with the dead. The tales of these races do not reproduce past so much as they adumbrate present beliefs. But as we proceed gradually to the tales of less ignorant and barbaric races, we find portrayed a less thorough belief in the existence of supernatural beings. Thus the necessity of throwing a portion of food to the Spirit of Fire, among the Yakuts, or to the house-spirit, among the Letts, is depicted as far from universal and as less compelling than is the necessity of sacrificing to the evil powers among the above mentioned Sub-Arctic races."

27: Coxwell--34 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 157, 181, 538

"Such a trait as barbarity or cruelty is still so common among mankind that it would be remarkable if it did not here figure undisguised. But the callous narration of torture or of mutilation, which distinguishes certain stories among the Chukchis, the Ossetes and the Yakuts, differentiates them from anything which could occur among civilised races. Cruelty occurs among ourselves, but is only described with reprehension."

27: Coxwell--34-35 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 538, 776, 782

"A belief in the efficacy of sacrifices to spirits is clearly revealed by the tales of the Gilyaks, Koryaks, Chukchis, Yakuts and Letts. That trees have been supposed to speak and act is implied in Tungusian, Lappish, Chukchi, and even Russian stories. The belief that spirits in monstrous forms attack men is indicated by simple and earnest narratives of the lowest Siberian races and even of the Yakuts. Though a story is not [35] necessarily a proof of belief, it is probably true that the wide existence of a story points to a degree of acceptance, not far removed from a belief, in races whose powers of discrimination between the gradations of make believe are small. Do not our children crave to be told that a tale is true?"

27: Coxwell--40 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 538, 776

"But the space surrounding mankind may be peopled by creatures more unpleasant than most beasts of the field. Evil spirits in Siberian primitive literature may have the shape of men, as in the first Lamut (Tungusian) tale, or possess merely a 'monstrous shape,' or a human face and a dog's body, or five heads, as in different Koryak myths. A one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged devil's daughter, in the Yakut story, 'The Little Old Woman with Five Cows,' possesses an iron tongue fifty feet long."

27: Coxwell--42 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 776

"Among the Yakuts, there are formidable gods of the underworld, whose secrets are known only to the shamans. 'Omnipotent Lord' is the name of the chief of the dark spirits. An 'owner' controls every river, lake and stone, and misfortunes in travelling are attributed to local 'owners,' to whom sacrifice must be made. The great evil spirit, 'Underground-Old Man,' lives in the far north. The chief benevolent god of the Yakuts is the white lord and creator of the earth and of man, and he was probably, first of all, the Yakut god of the Sun."

27: Coxwell--262 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 157, 197, 437

"The Yakuts occupy a territory, about twice the size of France, in the middle Lena basin. Their language bears a close relationship to that of other Turkish or Tatar stock; it being even said that the Yakut of the Lena and the Osmanli of Constantinople could without much difficulty understand one another. With a great talent for trade, the Yakut gets the better not only of the Tunguses, whose reindeer he often owns and whose furs he claims in advance, but also of the Cossacks. He is energetic and diligent when obliged to work or if faced with an alluring opportunity. Thus the Yakuts have increased largely in numbers, and the young Russians are glad to take wives from among their women."

27: Coxwell--262 [2] B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 174, 233

"The Yakuts at one time lived in a region round Lake Baikal, but were pushed northwards by the Buryats and, from having been horsemen and herdsmen like the Kirghiz, they have learned to give their attention to fishing, hunting and reindeer breeding. They can keep their cattle and horses alive in the Polar circle, and have milch mares which afford as much milk as cows."

27: Coxwell--262 [3] B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 776, 782, 823

"They speak of a supreme God, but do not worship him. The earth was made by such a Being, and at first it was small and level; then an evil spirit scratched up the surface, so that there appeared hills and valleys. The Yakuts have their good and evil spirits, and the shamans deliver earnest addresses to air and water gods. He throws melted butter into the air to appease demons and express gratitude to the gods."

27: Coxwell--262-269 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-11
116, 539

"THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WITH FIVE COWS (2)

2. E. A. Khudyakov, Yakut Folk-Tales, p. 80.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, pp. 287-290.]

One morning a little old woman got up and went to the field containing her five cows. She took from the earth a herb with five sprouts and, without breaking either root or branch, carried it home and wrapped it in a blanket and placed it on her pillow. [263] Then she went out again and sat down to milk her cows. Suddenly she heard tambourine-bells jingle and scissors fall, on account of which noise she upset the milk. Having run home and looked, she found that the plant was uninjured. Again she issued forth to milk the cows, and again thought she heard the tambourine bells jingle and scissors fall, and once more she spilt her milk. Returning to the house, she looked into the bed-chamber. There sat a maiden with eyes of chalcedony and lips of dark stone, with a face of light-coloured stone and with eyebrows like two dark sables stretching their fore feet toward each other; her body was visible through her dress; her bones were visible through her body; her nerves spreading this way and that, like mercury, were visible through her bones. The plant had become this maiden of indescribable beauty.

Soon afterwards Kharjit-Bergen, son of the meritorious Khan Khara, went into the dark forest. He saw a grey squirrel sitting on a curved twig, near the house of the

little old woman with five cows, and he began to shoot, but as the light was bad, for the sun was already setting, he did not at once succeed in his purpose. At this time one of his arrows fell into the chimney. 'Old woman! take the arrow and bring it me! ' he cried, but received no answer. His cheeks and forehead grew flushed and he became angry; a wave of arrogance sprang from the back of his neck, and he rushed into the house.

When he entered and saw the maiden he lost consciousness. But he revived and fell in love. Then he went out and jumping on his horse, raced home at full gallop. 'Parents!' said he, 'there is such a beautiful maiden at the house of a little old woman with five cows! Get hold of this maiden and give her to me!'

The father sent nine servants on horseback, and they galloped at full speed to the house of the little old woman with five cows. All the servants became unconscious when they beheld the maiden's beauty. However, they recovered, and all went away except the best one of them. 'Little old woman! ' said he, 'give this girl to the son of the meritorious Khan Khara! ' ' I will give her, ' was the answer. They spoke to the maiden. 'I will go, ' she announced. 'Now, as the bridegroom's wedding gift, ' said the old woman, 'drive up cattle, and fill my open fields with horses and horned stock! ' Immediately the request was uttered and before the agreement was concluded the man gave an order to collect and drive [264] up the animals as the bridegroom's gift. 'Take the maiden and depart! ' said the little old woman, when the stock of horses and cattle had been given as arranged. The maiden was quickly adorned, and a finely speckled horse that spoke like a human

being was led up to her skilfully. They put on it a silver halter, saddled it with a silver saddle, which was placed over an upper silver saddle-cloth and a lower silver saddle-cloth, and they attached a little silver whip. Then the son-in-law led the bride from the mother's side by the whip, mounted his horse and took the bride home.

They went along the road, and the young man said, 'In the depth of the forest there is a trap for foxes; I will go there. Proceed along this road! it divides into two paths. On the road leading to the east is hanging a sable skin. But on the road leading to the west there should be the skin of a male bear with the paws and head and with white fur at the neck. Go on the path where the sable skin in hanging.' He pointed out the road and went away.

The girl made her way to the fork in the road, but on coming to it forgot the directions. Going along the path where the bear skin was hanging, she reached a small iron hut. Suddenly out of the hut came a devil's daughter, dressed in an iron garment above the knee. She had only one leg, and that was twisted; a single bent hand projected from below her breast, and her single furious eye was situated in the middle of her forehead. Having shot forth a fifty-foot iron tongue on to her breast, she pulled the girl from the horse, dropped her to the ground and tore all the skin from her face and threw it on her own face. She dragged off all the girl's finery and put it on herself. Then mounting, the devil's daugher rode away.

The husband met the devil's daughter when she arrived at the house of the meritorious

Khan Khara. Nine youths came to take her horse by the halter; eight maidens did likewise. It is said that the bride wrongly fastened her horse to the willow tree where the old widow from Semyaksin used to tether her spotted ox. The greater part of those who thus received the bride became sorely depressed and the remainder were disenchanted; sorrow fell on them.

All who met the bride abominated her. Even the red weasels ran away from her, thus showing she was repugnant to them. Grass had been strewn on the pathway up to her hut, and on this grass she was led by the hand. Having entered, she replen-[265]ished the fire with the tops of three young larch trees. Then they concealed her behind a curtain, while they themselves ate, drank and played and laughed and made merry.

But the marriage feast came to an end, and there was a return to ordinary life. The little old woman with five cows, on going into open country to seek her cows, found that the plant with five sprouts was growing better than usual. She dug it up with its roots and, carrying it home, wrapped it up and placed it on her pillow. Then she went back and began to milk the cows, but the tambourine with the bells began to tinkle, and the scissors fell with a noise. Going back to the home, the old woman found the lovely maiden seated and looking more lovely than ever. 'Mother,' she said, 'my husband took me away from here. My dear husband said, "I must go away on some business," but before he went he said, "Walk along the path where the sable's skin is hanging, and do not go where the bear's skin is hanging." I forgot and went along the second path to a

little iron house. A devil's daughter tore the skin from my face and put it on her own face; she dragged off all my fine things and put them on; and next this devil's daughter mounted my horse and set out. She threw away skin and bones and a grey dog seized my lungs and heart with his teeth and carried them to open country. I grew here as a plant, for it was decreed that I should not die altogether. Perhaps it has been settled that later I shall bear children. The devil's daughter has affected my fate, for she has married my husband and contaminated his flesh and blood; she has absorbed his flesh and blood. When shall I see him?'

The meritorious Khan Khara came to the field belonging to the little old woman with five cows. The speckled white horse, who was endowed with human speech, knew that his mistress had revived, and he began to speak. He complained to Khan Khara thus: 'The devil's daughter has killed my mistress, torn all the skin from her face and covered her own face with it; she has dragged away my mistress's finery and clothed herself in it. The devil's daughter has gone to live with Khan Khara's son and become his bride. But my mistress has revived and now lives. If your son does not take this holy girl as his bride, then I will complain to the white Lord God on his seat of white stone, by the lake that has silver waves and golden floating ice, and blocks of silver and black ice; and [266] I will shatter your house and your fire, and will leave you no means of living. A divine man must not take a devil's daughter. Fasten this devil's-daughter bride to the legs of a wild horse. Let a stream of rushing water fall on your son and

cleanse him during thirty days; and let the worms and reptiles suck away his contaminated blood. Afterwards draw him from the water and expose him to the wind on the top of a tree for thirty nights, so that breezes from the north and from the south may penetrate his heart and liver, and purify his contaminated flesh and blood. When he is cleansed let him persuade and re-take his wife!'

The khan heard and understood the horse's words; it is said he threw aside tears from both eyes; then he galloped home. On seeing him the bride changed countenance.

'Son!' said Khan Khara, 'Whence and from whom did you take your wife?' 'She is the daughter of the little old woman with five cows.' 'What was the appearance of the horse on which you brought her? What kind of woman did you bring? Do you know her origin?' To these questions the son answered: 'Beyond the third heaven, in the upper region which has the white stone seat is the white god; his younger brother collected migratory birds and united them into one society. Seven maidens, his daughters in the form of seven cranes, came to earth and feasted and entered a round field and danced; and an instructress descended to them. She took the best of the seven cranes and said, "Your mission is to go out to people; to be a Yakut on this middle land; you must not dislike this impure middle land! You are appointed worthy of the son of the meritorious Khan Khara and are to wear a skin made of eight sables. On account of him you will become human and bear children, and bring them up." After speaking she cut off the end of the crane's wings. The maiden wept. "Turn into a mare's tail grass, and grow!" said the

instructress; "A little old woman with five cows will find the herb and turn it into a maiden and give her in marriage to Khan Khara's son." I took her according to this direction and as she was described to me; but I accepted a strange being; in reality, as appears to me, I took nothing!'

After his son's reply the khan said: 'Having seen and heard, I have come. The speckled horse with the human voice has complained to me. When you bore away your wife you spoke to her of a forked road. You said, "On the eastern path there [267] is hanging a sable's skin and on the western path a bear's skin." You said, "Do not go on the path with the bear's skin, but go along the path showing a sable skin!" But she forgot, and passed along the path which had a bear's skin. She reached the iron house and then a devil's daughter jumped out to meet her, dragged her from her horse and threw her down, tore the whole of the skin from her face and placed it on her own face. The devil's daughter dressed herself in the girl's finery and silver ornaments and rode hither as a bride. She fastened the horse to the old willow; it is already a mark. "Attach the devil's daughter to the feet of a wild stallion!" said the horse to me, "and wash your son in a swift stream for a whole month of thirty nights; let worms and reptiles suck away his contaminated body and blood. Carry him away and expose him to the breeze on the top of a tree during a month of thirty nights. Let the breezes search him from the north and from the south; let it blow through his heart and liver!" said the horse to me. "Let him go and persuade his wife and take her! But away with this woman! do not show

her! She will devour people and cattle. If you do not get rid of her," said the horse, "I will complain to the white God."'

On hearing this the son became much ashamed, and a workman called Boloruk seized the bride, who was sitting behind a curtain, and, dragging her by the foot, fastened her on the legs of a wild horse. The horse kicked the devil's daughter to pieces and to death. Her body and blood were attacked on the ground by worms and reptiles, and became worms and reptiles moving about till the present time. After being placed in a stream of rushing water the khan's son was placed on a tree, so that the spring breezes coming from the north and from the south blew through him. Thus his contaminated body and blood were purified and, when he was brought home, dried up and scarcely breathing, only his skin and bones remained.

He rode to the region of the wedding gift as before and, having picketed his horse, dismounted at his mother-in-law's house. The little old woman who owned the five cows fluttered out joyfully; she rejoiced as if the dead had come to life and the lost had been found. From the picketing spot to the tent she strewed green grass and spread on the front bed a white horse-skin with hoofs. She killed a milch cow and a large-breasted mare and made a wedding feast. [268]

The girl approached her husband with tears. 'Why have you come to me?' she asked. 'You spilt my dark blood, you cut my skin deeply. You gave me up as food for dogs and ducks. You gave me to the daughter of an eight-legged devil. After that, how can you

seek a wife here? Girls are more numerous than perch, and women than grayling; my heart is wounded and my mind is agitated! I will not come!'

'I did not send you to the daughter of an eight-legged devil, and when I went away on an important matter I pointed out your path. I did not knowingly direct you to a perilous place, and I did not know what would happen when I said to you, "Go and meet your fate!" The lady-instructress and protectress, the creatress, chose you and appointed you for me; therefore you revived and are alive,' he said; 'and whatever may happen, good or ill, I shall unfailingly take you!'

The little old woman with five cows wiped away tears from both eyes and sat down between these two children. 'How is it that, having met, you do not rejoice when you have returned to life after death, and been found after having been lost? Neither of you must oppose my will!'

The maiden gave her word, but said 'Agreed!' unwillingly. Then the young man sprang up and danced and jumped and embraced and kissed and drew in his breath. The couple played the best games and burst into loud laughter and talked unceasingly. Outside they fastened the speckled horse that spoke like a human being, laid on him the silver saddle cloth, saddled him with the silver saddle, bridled him with the silver bridle, hung on him the silver saddle bags and attached to him the little silver whip. When the maiden had been dressed and all was complete on her she was sent off. She and her husband knew as they went along that it was winter by the fine snow that was falling; they

knew it was summer by the rain; they knew it was autumn by the fog.

The servants from the nine houses of Khan Khara, the house servants from eight houses and the room attendants from seven houses, and nine lords' sons who came out like nine cranes thought, 'How will the bride arrive? Will she march out or will she saunter? And will sables arise from her footsteps?' Thinking thus, they prepared arrows so vigorously that the skin came off their fingers; they attended so closely to their work that their sight became dull. Seven grown up daughters like seven cranes, born at one time, twisted [269] threads so that the skin came from their knees, and said, 'If, when the bride comes she blows her nose loudly, dear little kings will be plentiful.'

The son arrived with his bride, and two maidens took their horses by the bridle at the picket rope. The son and his bride dismounted and she blew her nose; therefore dear little kings would come! Instantly the women began to weave garments. Sables ran along the place from which the bride stepped forward, and some of the young men hastened into the dark forest to shoot them.

From the foot of the picketing post to the tent the way had been spread with green grass. On arriving, the bride kindled the fire with three branches of larch. Then they hid her behind a curtain. They stretched a strap in nine portions and tied to it ninety speckled foals. On the right side of the house they thrust into the ground nine posts and fastened to them nine white foals and put on the foals nine friendly sorcerers who drank kumyss. On the left side of the house they set up eight posts.

27: Coxwell-262-269 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-11
116, 539

Wedding festivities were begun in honour of the bride's entry into the home. Warriors collected and experts came together. It is said that nine ancestral spirits came from a higher place and twelve ancestral spirits rose from the ground. It is said that nine tribes came from under the ground and, using whips of dry wood, trotted badly. Those having iron stirrups crowded together and those having copper stirrups went unsteadily. All had collected from the foreign tribes and from the tents of the nomad villages; there were singers, there were dancers, there were story-tellers; there were those who jumped on one foot and there were leapers; there were crowds possessing five-kopeck pieces, there were saunterers. Then the dwellers-on-high flew upwards; those dwelling in the lower regions sank into the earth; and inhabitants of the middle region, the earth, separated and walked away. The litter remained till the third day; but before the morrow most of the fragments had been collected, all animals had been enclosed and children were sporting in the place. Their descendants are said to be alive to-day."

"CHARCHAKAN (1)

1. E. A. Khudyakov, Yakut Folk-Tales , p. 234.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, p. 290.]

Let us speak of Charchakan! He had a man Hairy-throat, and a man Grassy-legs, and a man Tree-leaf Breast, and another Foul-side, and another Bladder-head. And he possessed a lousy ox reaching the clouds, a withered ox reaching to Heaven, and as neighbours he had three gluttons.

The time came to eat the ox, so he was killed and cut up. Tree-leaf Breast raised the fat brisket, but in raising it injured his breast and died. Hairy-throat, in trying to swallow a part of the lungs, injured his throat and died. In order to cook the meat, Grassy-legs went to fetch water; he scooped it up and placed it on the ice, and then had to jump. Holding the pot of water and jumping, he hurt his hand. Kicking against the ice, he hurt his foot. Then he stretched out his other hand and broke it. He fell and broke his back. His head struck the ice and flew into fragments; so he died.

'Oh, it is cold!' said the man Foul-side, as he sat down to warm himself at the fire. A piece of coal jumped on to the dry grass, and nothing more was needed for Foul-side. He died. 'Ah woe! all the men have died,' said Bladder-head, and scratched his head in grief; then he clawed his head with his ten fingers and died.

Charchakan was left alone and grieved, saying, 'Who should eat the flesh of lousy-ox-reaching-to-heaven?' He went to find a glutton, the chief glutton. 'Glutton! glutton!' said the old man, 'will you eat freely?' 'No, I will eat but little.' Charchakan went to the middle glutton and said, 'Will you eat freely?' 'Eh?' the man asked; 'I have altogether ceased to eat.' 'To the devil with you! I am not even left anyone who will eat. May the devil take you!' cried Charchakan, jumping up and running away.

He hastened to the least famous glutton, who was lying naked at the hearth and with his back to the fire. 'Glutton, glutton! I have come to you, because you are known to me as a big eater. I have killed a withered ox-reaching-to-heaven and I have killed a lousy ox-reaching-to-the-clouds; but all my household is dead.' 'Oh, ho!' said the glutton. Wishing to go and eat, he called his wife, and said, 'Girl, hand me my fur coat made of thirty bulls' skins.' The woman took the [271] coat from a corner of the hut and handed it. 'Hand me,' he said, 'my breeches made from seven oxen. Hand me my leathern boots sewn out of nine pairs of bulls' dewlaps. Hand me my mittens sewn out of nine bulls' dewlaps. Girl, had me my cap made out of nine bulls'-head skins and horns. Hand me my girdle made of nine bulls' tails.' He attached to his waist a leather bag made of nine bulls' hides. 'Now,' said he, 'I will go! and if I am not satisfied I will run round the stove!'

Charchakan brought home the glutton, and the visitor sat down in the right side of the hut; then Charchakan took the bullocks' meat and served it. The glutton spat out of his

mouth the horns and hoofs. 'Have you called me,' he said, 'to eat this food?' Charchakan brought and offered him eight large dishes of Yakut meat. The glutton spat out only the skin. Charchakan brought and offered him eight large dishes of sour milk, and the glutton spat out only the birch-bark dishes. 'Can this be your food?' said the glutton, and stopped eating. 'I have no other,' answered Charchakan. 'Humph, humph,' said the glutton. 'Why did you call me for this? It is a vexation and an insult. What presents have you for my wife and children?' 'Old man, I have none,' answered Charchakan, standing and looking at the glutton. They began to run round the stove, but the strap of Charchakan's boots became untied and the glutton stepped on it. Charchakan fell noisily, and the glutton put him in a bag and said, 'Here is a present for my wife and children!'

Soon the glutton went home, but found it hard to lift his legs as he walked. On the way he sat down to rest and put down the bag at the foot of a tree stump. Charchakan cut through the bag with a blunt pointed knife and crept out.

On reaching home the glutton took the bag and threw it into the granary and ran into the house. 'How did he entertain you?' asked his wife. 'Eh? do you want to know what sort of food I got? I ate nothing, and have brought back Charchakan himself.' Here, in her joy, the glutton's wife swallowed her thimble and needle, and their descent was audible. She dragged the bag along, but Charchakan was not in it! She raised the bag and entered the hut and said, 'Husband! Charchakan is not here!' 'What a shame! you have eaten him and cheated my children,' said the glutton, and he cut his wife open with

a sharp knife. But Charchakan was not [272] in the woman; only the thimble and needle fell out of her noisily. 'Another of Charchakan's impostures. What a creature he is! But it is a pity he has forced me to kill my own wife!' The glutton went back and found Charchakan lying on the road. 'I will tread on your eight oxen!' thought the glutton, and quickly trod on his side. But a piece of bark had been driven against the man's side, and it resounded when stamped on, that was all! The glutton took Charchakan and put him in the bag. Lifting it on to his back, he went home, placed it in the granary and hastened into the hut. 'My nine bald sons and my nine bald daughters! I have brought you Charchakan on a visit; lead him in.' The children rose and brought in Charchakan. They placed him upon a shelf. 'Would you like to eat Charchakan's fat?' said the glutton. 'I will fetch you a little fine fish with which to eat it.' He went out.

But Charchakan said to the children, 'How can you so eat my fat? Find a sharp knife and I will make a spoon for you.' They discovered an old yet sharp knife and gave it to him, and he made a spoon for each child. 'Sit together and I will give to each good child a good spoon; to each bad child a bad spoon.' They sat down in a row. He struck each head once with the knife and the heads fell and lay in order. Charchakan made a bed and put the children's heads on it and covered them over with a blanket. He boiled the children's flesh and took it out of the pot and placed it on the table; next he scooped up the fat into a cup. He roasted the hearts and, having drawn them out, set them on the table. Then he dug a hole with a double entrance under the house and lay down in it.

The glutton came and opened the door. 'Take,' he said, 'this fine fish.' But he did not see a single one of his children. 'Take it, boys!' he cried, but they did not hear. He entered and drew in the fine fish and scattered it about. The meat and fat had been cooked and placed on the table. He cut the meat and ate. 'Ha, ha!' said he, 'how if this should be my relatives' bodies!' He cut the fat and ate. 'Ha, ha!' he said, 'how if this should be my relatives' fat!' He cut the heart and ate. 'Ha, ha!' he said, 'of whose kindred can this be the heart? Boys and girls, get up!' he cried. But his sons and daughters still slept. The glutton grew angry and jumped up; he dragged off the blanket to look; the children's head had rolled together! He screamed and trembled and [273] trod the heads to pieces; he sat down and wept. 'What baseness! Charchakan! you have prowled about and deceived me; you have forced me to eat my own children! But I will reach you, Charchakan!' Charchakan answered outside, 'Oh!'

The glutton flew across the bed on the right side of the hut and, going out, cried, 'Charchakan!' 'Oh,' resounded within the house. The glutton flew across the house wall and, entering, said, 'Charchakan!' 'Oh,' answered Charchakan, outside. The glutton flew to the right of the house and, coming out, said, 'Charchakan!' 'Oh,' answered his enemy from within the house. The glutton flew to the left of the house and said, 'Charchakan!' 'Oh,' answered the voice outside. The glutton flew across to the threshold and once more cried, 'Charchakan!' 'Yes, it is I,' came the reply. 'Where are

you?' 'I lie here; have you lost your eyesight?' 'Where are you lying?' A head came forth from the hole. 'Glutton, glutton! enter, enter!' said Charchakan. The glutton sought to enter, but stuck fast and began to fight; he could not get in, and only his head and neck entered. Having cut off the glutton's head with a sharp knife, Charchakan removed the flesh and scattered it as an offering to the Sun and Moon. That is all."

"FLYING BIRDS (1)

1. E. A. Khudyakov, Yakut Folk-Tales, p. 73.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, p. 291.]

The flying birds which had bred in the Arctic Ocean shivered at the arrival of winter and prepared to die. Determining to select a leader, some said, 'Let the stork be our lord!' But the duck, Bogorgono, offered this objection: 'If we fly whenever he cries, we shall die!' Then a widgeon, championing the stork, got up and attempted to crush the duck, Bogorgono. The widgeon said, 'Of course the stork should be lord! Consider his impressive face and eyes and his full body!'

However, a swan proposed an eagle as the birds' chief. 'Shall we not choose for the ruler a being like the lord-eagle, the cruel possessor of eyes and a face that are wonderful?' They agreed and, having made the eagle their lord, took care that he should remain so till the present time. [274]

The eagle-lord sentenced the widgeon to carry the duck, Bogorgono, on his back, and called out: 'Which of my crew shall be consumed as my food?' For such a purpose they gave him the bullfinch, and said, 'As you fly backwards and forwards, eat him!'

They sent a teal to seek herbage, but though the teal sought and sought he could not find any. Then they sent a brown owl to discover some ground. The brown owl returned

from his expedition, saying, 'I found land nowhere,' and lay down with his wife and seemed desirous of death. But the teal hid near the owl's home, listened and did not move. The brown owl said to his wife, 'Friend, I went to a fine place! I found an unfrozen sea, where everything is warm! Oh! what a fine land! warm and balmy and without any winter!' Having heard him out, the teal uttered a joyful cry and took to flight; he reported to the other birds, 'There is such a fine land!' On hearing the news, the flying creatures set off on the wing and reached warm countries.

The brown owl said, 'Old woman! preserve the down on your shin bones!' Because he had kept silent about the land the other birds forced him to winter in the region which lies between the Arctic Sea and the warm countries."

"STORY OF THE MIGHTY HERO KEESE-SANYACH AND HIS SON THE HERO BARDAM-SANALACH (1)

1. From the Russian of The Living Past, 1891, No. 2, p. 170.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, pp. 292-293.]

Not in heaven, and not on our poor earth, but in the happy region between heaven and earth, where reign eternal summer and day; where the sun never conceals himself, even for a minute, behind strange mountains; where no cold exists and water does not freeze and diminish; where people live without growing cold and without dying; where people only know of trouble and grief by hearsay, lived long ago a man called Keese-Sanyach. His riches were such as neither you nor I have seen in our dreams, and his wife, the daughter of a great lord, ruler of the middle under-heaven kingdom, was of an indescribable beauty not found on earth. [275]

Keese-Sanyach received, as his wife's dowry, a tree so high and branching that it threw shadows under which, during the sultry noontide, all the herd took refuge, while all the birds under heaven flew to the branches. His house was so large and solid, that neither whirlwind nor snowstorm nor time could injure it, and its doors were so heavy and great that ten men scarcely could open them; and Keese-Sanyach himself was not a young fellow of our sort, for eighty men such as ourselves could scarcely get the better

of him.

Keese-Sanyach's herd was so numerous that once when he came to our earth on a starry night he thought, 'Which are the more numerous, the stars overhead or the cattle of my herd?' Although it would seem possible to live without grief or sorrow or fear, Keese-Sanyach was a man and had his grief and knew fear. He had heard that there dwell on our earth such good-for-nothings as often take what is not their own and come as uninvited guests; and he feared that somebody would steal his young wife, that marvel of beauty, and that the glance of some miscreant would fall on his wealth and defile it. He felt that a strange person penetrating his dwelling would bring him grief and misfortune. Jealousy and dread of losing his treasure gave him no rest night or day; he never took off his sables, did not let his heavy cane out of his hands, was always armed from head to foot and prepared for every accident.

What he dreaded occured. A certain hero-magician born on our earth, by name Khara-Chogoy, unconquered in battle, having heard of the riches and fame of Keese-Sanyach and of his beautiful wife, determined to visit him. No sooner thought of than done! Having transformed himself into a raven, he flew with terrible noise and whistling to Keese-Sanyach's dwelling. Arriving, he descended on to a golden tower so heavily that the strong tower cracked under the weight of the unexpected visitor. The raven looked in all directions, and a fearful snowstorm arose and brought from all sides mountains of snow and hail to the dominions of Keese-Sanyach. All the ground and the

trees were hidden under an icy covering; and a third part of Keese-Sanyach's herd became the dinner of the terrible raven. Keese-Sanyach at this time was asleep. It was his custom to sleep three days at a time and then to remain three days awake. Hearing the noise and the blows outside, Keese-Sanyach's wife shuddered, and issued from the tent to learn what was happening. She saw an unprecedented [276] marvel; the earth and trees were buried in snow, fragments of the golden tower lay about, but the terrible raven was pitilessly devouring the herd.

When he saw her the raven remarked, 'Send your husband hither; I have business with him; send him quickly, for I am not accustomed to wait.' 'My lord Blue-black Raven!' said Keese-Sanyach's wife, asking for compassion, 'do not destroy me. My husband did not know that you would become our dear guest, and went on affairs to the north.' Hearing this, the raven rose like a black cloud and flew in the indicated direction to seek Keese-Sanyach, but however far he flew and however long he searched, he could not find him. With not a little vexation, he flew back and consumed another third of Keese-Sanyach's herd. 'Ah, you good for nothing!' the raven screamed to her from a field, 'you thought to deceive me and conceal your husband! Wait, I will find him, and as for you, my dear, I will unfailingly take you for myself; know that!'

In fear, Keese-Sanyach's wife again ran to him and said, 'Do not be angry, Lord Blue-black Raven! When you flew off my husband returned from the chase; but now he has gone again, and this time toward the south.' Hearing this, the raven flew again to

to seek the ruler, but though he flew a long while, he returned empty handed, and the remaining portion of the herd became a prey to his gluttony. Having breakfasted, the raven flew once more in search and then Keese-Sanyach woke. His wife told him what had happened, and he was much frightened and said, 'Why did you not wake me earlier? Clearly the time has come to receive this uninvited guest!' The wife quickly prepared food for the journey and packed it up, and Keese-Sanyach, bidding farewell to her, mounted his horse and departed to meet the terrible raven on the road to four mountains.

Soon the raven returned and, even more than before, his eyes burned spitefully and, more than before, he dug with his iron claws. Not finding the master at home, he went for the third time to seek him. Keese-Sanyach's wife was expecting the birth of a child. She had given her husband all she possessed, and remained without provisions, had nothing to eat; for the herd had been eaten by the raven or destroyed by the storm, and, in the meanwhile hunger tortured her. In irresolution she went out of doors and thus pitifully besought her [277] relatives--her husband's father and mother: 'Ah, dear relatives, have mercy on me, a wretched orphan! I had a husband, but now surely he does not exist; we had a herd and wealth, but a terrible raven has destroyed everything. I know not what has happened to my poor husband; but this frightful raven has probably annihilated him, and I have nothing to eat, and I am with child! Remember me, dear ones, I am your near kinswoman.'

After this, sooner or later, but nevertheless on the same day, there was much

disturbance in the middle country between the sky and the earth. Many clouds gathered over Keese-Sanyach's dwelling, and suddenly a multitude of horses and horned cattle appeared over a field; the sun lighted up as before, the fields became green and flowered anew, and the birds sang as light-heartedly as ever. Keese-Sanyach's wife now throve well and quickly bore a son, whom she called Bardam-Sanalach. The boy grew, not by days, but by hours, and towards the end of a year had become a strong and flourishing youth, who asked his mother his father's whereabouts and name? At first the mother was unwilling to tell the father's history to her son, but yielding to his questions, she acquainted the youth with her grief, and related how the terrible raven had gained a victory over them and how her relatives had endowed her afresh with riches. The son then asked his mother for a good horse and, mounting, informed her that he would go and seek his father. However much she asked him not to go, and however much she wept and prayed, the youthful hero would not relax from his intention, and set off toward the four mountains to find his father.

As he rode along he saw a terrible raven flying near one of the mountains and pursuing an old man. Bardam-Sanalach guess that the old man was none other than his father and that the raven was the hero-magician, Khara-Chogoy. He dismounted and cried to the raven, 'Ho there, audacious fellow! what glory is there in overcoming an old man? Your duty is to measure your strength with mine, I am younger and stronger than this old man.' Such audacity infuriated the raven, and he decided to punish the

greenhorn. 'Well,' said he, 'I will discover without delay if you are as strong as you say.' The raven paused, and meanwhile the old man thanked his deliverer; promised his son, of whose relationship to himself he was ignorant, as a reward, half his possessions. [278]

The raven rested and then began the battle. He rose in the air as a thick cloud, so that the sky was invisible and from the noise and thunder the echoes awoke over the whole Yakut land. The combatants contended long without advantage to either side, but at last losing strength, they rolled on to the ground. Then Bardam-Sanalach, despairing of victory, returned to the sky, and sang, 'My famous grandfather! why do you live in the middle country? Help me to conquer a frightful miscreant! Thrust from heaven your spear into the jaws of this glutton, and so deliver me from immense shame,and perhaps even from death!' Scarcely had he spoken, when thunder reverberated and a spear as bright as lightning fell straight into the jaws of the raven, who was choking from malice, and who quickly perished.

Bardam-Sanalach burnt the raven's body, and the brilliancy of the raven's eyes disappeared. Putting away his spear into a bag (it was a folding spear), the youthful conqueror departed homewards. After going a short way he observed a hut unseen by him before; it aroused his wonder. He approached the hut and, peering through a chink, found that nobody was within. Letting his horse go free on the grass, Bardam-Sanalach hid in some bushes and watched to see if anyone should come to the hut. He lay for an

hour, and for another hour, when suddenly out of a cleft in the moutain issued swiftly an enormous rat, which, having run to the cottage, was transformed into an old woman and entered. Stealing to a window, Bardam-Sanalach saw that the old woman dandled someone, and sang, 'Ba bye, ba bye; now a second, now a year; now a second, now a year! Five years, five ages!'

All at once the youth understood whom the old witch was dandling; he turned himself into a beggar and entered the hut. The old woman nursed the infant; but suddenly the glitter from its eyes reminded the hero of the terrible raven. The old woman recognised the intruder, and said, 'Fate has sent you to conquer our race! I am the sister of the chief hero, Khara-Chogoy, whom your grandfather's spear slew, but for myself and this infant I will give you a ransom. Are you agreeable?' 'Perhaps,' answered Bardam-Sanalach, 'I shall have no objection. But what ransom do you offer me?' 'Such a ransom,' answered the old woman, 'as you have never dreamed of; and I say in advance that you will be satisfied with it. Here is a small silk ball for you; throw it before you and go in whatever direction it rolls; time and circum-[279]stances will show you what you should do. Know this, you will grind iron with a stone, but you will not overcome me in battle; so do not think to offer me conditions, I do not like them; I am a powerful woman and have no lord and master.'

Bardam-Sanalach glanced at the old woman's flashing eyes and without a word took from her hands a ball and went out. Mounting his horse, he threw the ball in advance,

and followed whithersoever it rolled. He went far, and at last saw before him a palace of pure silver. The ball vanished in the doors of the mansion. When the hero approached the entrance the enormous bolt of the doors moved before him and the door opened wide. He entered the palace and saw that on soft sable skins were sitting an old man and an old woman whose hair was white as snow. Directly the hero entered the host and hostess rose from their places and, bowing, begged him to be seated. 'Welcome, dear son-in-law, destined for our daughter! we have long awaited you!' A little later they led him to a special apartment and, placing him on a sable seat, entertained him with fat horse-meat and gave him the best kumyss to drink; afterwards they led their daughter to him and said, 'Fate has intended you for each other; live in affection and happiness!' The maiden was a marvel of mind and beauty and when the hero saw her he fell in love at once and agreed to marry her. According to custom, a feast began. At that time the Yakuts did not know wine, and drank with their meat kumyss, which they prepared better than we prepare it now. After the marriage had been thus completed the father-in-law said to the youth, 'Dear son-in-law, your father and mother are alive, but do not know that you are sound and well and even married. Doubtless they will rejoice to see you and your young wife. I have set aside for you the half of all my property; take it and set forth to comfort your relatives, who imagine a terrible raven has destroyed you, but the opposite occurred; not in vain does the proverb say, "Profit comes from harm!" The raven's sister pointed out ourselves and your wife to you.'

The young hero went with the beauty, his wife, and the wealth which he had received to the paternal home. The old father seeing the approaching visitors, went out to meet them, but did not recognise his son. The hero said to him, 'I am he to whom you promised half your property when I delivered you from the claws of the raven.' [280]

The old man had heard from his wife of a son born in his absence, but had almost forgotten, as a long while had elapsed without this son's return. The old man could also with difficulty recall that someone somewhere had saved him from what seemed likely to be inevitable destruction. He called the guests into the house, and the old woman going out to see them, recognised her son and joyfully arranged a feast in his honour. Long did they drink rich kumyss and eat succulent horseflesh. Henceforward young and old lived peacefully and happily."

27: Coxwell--280-281 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-2
116, 539, 821

"WHY THERE ARE SPOTS ON THE MOON (1)

1. Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ., 1897, No. 3, p. 179.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, p. 293.]

Once there lived an orphan girl who, after the death of her parents, had a small home. Remaining in her tent, she did no work and for a while lived on what she possessed. Next the prince of the nomad village, her distant relative living near by, took her into his home; not from pity, but from greed; there was plenty of work to be done in his house, and he hoped to obtain assistance without payment. The orphan worked without resting day or night, but instead of gratitude from the prince's wicked wife received only blows on the back of her neck.

On a certain moonlight night, when the frost turned people's breaths into ice, the orphan went for water to the neighbouring lake. Reaching an icehole, she broke through the ice with a pick, filled her bucket with water and started homewards. But not far from some huts she stumbled against a willow and fell and upset her bucket, so that all the water was spilt. The orphan stood and pondered what she should do. The cold began to freeze her whole body, but she could not go back, because the icehole was already closed with fresh ice, and to obtain more water she would have to hew another hole, a task beyond her strength. If she returned without water, she would be beaten by

the prince's wife. She stood and wept. Floating along the sky, the silvery Moon looked at the orphan girl, and was pleased with her beauty.

The orphan began to implore the Moon: 'Deliver me,' she said, 'white Moon, from the torments which I endure in my life upon earth. Here it is so cold and the prince's wife beats [281] me cruelly every day, and people are wicked; none of them will say a kind word to me.'

The Moon heard the girl's entreaty, fell at her feet and, seizing her by the waist, was about to take her to his home; but suddenly, at that very moment, the Sun also fell at her feet and wished to take her. A contest began between the Moon and the Sun, and the latter seemed the stronger, because he is considered an elder brother and the Moon is his younger brother. The Moon, overcome by the Sun, spoke thus: 'This orphan entreated not you but me; at night I, and not you, rule the universe, but you will reign to-morrow and can then consume the girl with heat; it is night now, and she belongs to me.'

The sensible Sun understood that the Moon's contention was just, and yielded up the orphan. The Moon took the girl home, together with the willow which she had grasped in her terror during the contest. The girl kept her buckets and the yoke on her shoulders, and she thus appears every night when it is bright. But when the orphan casts glances at the earth and sees the continuance of evil and injustice her face becomes gloomy. This story explains why there are dark spots on the Moon."

27: Coxwell--281-284 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-5
116, 539

"BLACK HAWK (1)

1. From the Russian of The Living Past, 1891, p. 174.

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, pp. 293-295.]

In ancient times and in the middle world there lived the hero, Black Hawk, who had a lovely sister called Shining Beauty. Their herd was innumerable. Once Black Hawk, having gone to water the herd, saw a stallion pursuing from the west an unknown grey mare. The mare seemed likely to have a foal before long, and he drove her into an enclosure. But the next day she was not to be seen, though in the centre of the place lay a black mass. When Black Hawk broke it open out of curiosity there issued forth from it something unusual, for the front part of the body was human while the hinder part resembled a foal; and all was of iron. Black Hawk asked its name and received no answer. He threw it, with a huge stone tied about the neck, into the river; but next day, having found it again and in the middle of the courtyard, he dug an enormous pit and therein lit a fire, and casting the monster thither, [282] burnt it under his eyes. Appeased by this act, Black Hawk went home and lay down to sleep. However, the next morning he could not find his sister, and became convinced that the monster had stolen her, so he saddled his wonderful black horse and rode westward.

He journeyed a long while and reached a black house. When he knocked his summons was answered by a demon's daughter with one eye in her forehead, with one leg and one arm,

who, seeing Black Hawk, cried out, 'I have long sought on earth a young fellow who would be useful as a husband, but all my efforts hitherto have been in vain; now I know that my wooden god has sent him to me. I know that you, the hero, Black Hawk, have come to marry me. My name is Loud Voice, and you will pay my brother eighteen mares as a wedding gift.' Black Hawk concluding that if he refused the marriage she and her brother would eat him, collected eighteen mares and drove them to the sorcerer's home. Living with her, he went one day to the lake where he watered the herd, and saw a woman of unusual beauty issuing from the water. 'I am Khatchilan-Ko, the daughter,' she said, 'of eastern Soto-Toyen, and I have three brothers, the eldest of whom has ordered the demon-hero, Byeola Balkhan, to carry off your sister and marry her; and in exchange he has sent me to you. But you have a wife already, the daughter of a demon; put her to death, and then I will come to you.

Though Black Hawk begged the beauty to come to him from the water, she did not accede to his request, saying that she feared his wife. When he returned home it was already late, and his wife asked him where he had been detained so long? To which question he replied that he had been searching for a lost mare. The demons had so generously endowed Loud Voice with the gift of sagacity, that she knew already of the occurrence at the lake, and in revenge blew on Black Hawk's face when he slept, so that he lost feeling. Taking advantage of this, the female demon cut off one of his feet and fastened it to her body; took away his hand and fastened it to herself; removed from him an eye and attached

it to herself, and then, tearing away the skin from her husband's face, put it on her own face and, assuming his garments, went to the lake of which we know. Arriving there, she cried, in her husband's voice, 'Come out now, my friend-for-ever! I have killed Loud Voice.' [283]

Hearing this, Khatchilan-Ko swam to the surface of the water, but when she appeared the demon's daughter thrust at her with a spear. Happily the wound was not mortal, and Khatchilan-Ko, turning herself into a lark, flew away eastwards. Loud Voice returning home, fastened anew parts of her husband's body to herself.

Waking early, Black Hawk, contrary to his usual custom, did not breakfast; he went at once to the lake, which he found covered with blood and, having guessed the cause, did not go home, but set off eastwards. The demon-hero met him on the way; and Black Hawk having talked with him, learnt that this hero was a messenger from Soto-Toyen to him, Black Hawk, with the news that his appointed wife, Katchilan-Ko, was dying from the wound inflicted by the demon's daughter; Loud Voice, and asked if he, Black Hawk, lived far away. Black Hawk answered it would be necessary for the messenger to cover such and such a distance, and hurried toward the east still quicker. When he arrived he visited his bride, Katchilan-Ko, who was scarcely alive.

Turning to the sky, Black Hawk cried, 'My father! sitting on the white stone, Ay-Toyen, listen to me attentively! Let my request resound like the neighing of a young colt in your ears, which are like two moons. She who promised to become my wife, with

whom I ought to live for ever, is dying! I pray you to send your shaman to cure her.' This prayer had scarcely sounded when from the east there blew a warm and pleasant wind and some heavy rain fell and it thundered and lightened. Like the skin of a white horse, there hung in the sky a white cloud, out of which, in full shaman's clothing, three shamans descended and, flying over the sick woman, shamanized for three whole days--at the end of which time the patient recovered and the shamans flew away to the heavenly dwelling.

Soto-Toyen got ready a magnificent banquet, to which heroes and a number of people came from all sides. At this feast Black Hawk distinguished himself by his skill. Soto-Toyen, wishing to marry his youngest son to Tender-as-milk, the daughter of the eagle, begged Black Hawk to arrange the wedding. Black Hawk undertook the task and immediately departed to the eagle. When he arrived he saw an unusual assemblage of guests, and learnt that the heavenly hero, Byokasty, had descended from the sky in order to marry Tender-as-milk. Byokasty had ninety demon-heroes in his suite, but [284] Black Hawk engaged and vanquished them in battle. Seeing the defeat of his warriors, Byokasty ran, and Black Hawk, taking advantage of the situation, carried off the beauty to his father-in-law's house, where a rich wedding followed.

Black Hawk returned with his young wife, Katchilan-Ko, to his own home, where he found the messenger whom he met on his first journey to his father-in-law. This messenger had worked in the house during his stay, and to him Black Hawk gave his one-

legged wife, and the pair became Black Hawk's slaves. From the second marriage of Black Hawk arose a numerous progeny, the ancestors of the present Yakuts."

27: Coxwell--284-285 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut -1-2
116, 539

"DYOUDUS (1)

1. Ethnogr. Review of Moscow Univ., 1900, No. p.3 183. [sic]

[RCH: For the author's notes on this tale see category 539, p. 295.]

In Bostonsky, a nomad village in the Yakut territory, there lived a prince named Dyoudus, who had four wives. Every year, at the beginning of summer, Dyoudus invited visitors and had a feast. When all the guests had arrived he ordered his wives to appear as their mothers bore them; then he removed his clothes and requested his guests, without respect of sex or age, to do likewise; if anyone did not obey him such person was beaten cruelly. Children born afterwards knew not who were their fathers. At the termination of these feasts Dyoudus commanded that live stallions and bulls should have their hides removed, and then be admitted to the stalls of mares and cows.

If it happened that Dyoudus' labourers were not able to mow a sufficient quantity of hay, he summoned shamans and ordered them to beg Tangar, the chief deity residing in the seventh heaven, to send reapers. But, as Tangar did not supply the reapers, Dyoudus beat the shamans. Once Dyoudus wished to marry his son to the daughter of Khora-Raven (who dwelt in heaven) and to give his daughter in marriage to Khora-Raven's son. But Dyoudus' wishes, conveyed to the Raven through shamans whose backs soon suffered severely, were not satisfied; since Khora, the Raven, was unwilling to ally himself with

27: Coxwell--284-285 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-2
116, 539

Dyoudus.

At last a certain shaman was found who shamanized for a [285] period of nine days. The shamanistic process was, on this occasion, successful, and Khora the Raven agreed to send down his son and daughter from heaven, the pair travelling to Dyoudus by the aid of raven-horses. Leaving the horses in the courtyard, the son and daughter entered the house where Dyoudus was living, passed near the fire-place on not the right side, but the left, like evil spirits. When Dyoudus saw his visitors he begged them to depart to a distance, but they did not obey, and everyone in the house slept."

27: Coxwell--285-287 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-4
116, 539

"CONCERNING AL-IOT, THE SPIRIT OF FIRE (1)

1. The Living Past, 1891, p. 70.

Until the arrival of the Tunguses, who pushed the Yakuts nearer the Northern Sea (Baikal is for them the South Sea), the Yakuts thought that besides themselves there were no other people on earth; land began at the upper part of the Lena and finished at its outlet; that was the end. People, that is the Yakuts, at first had no knowledge of fire; they ate everything raw and suffered much from cold, for no good spirits taught them to get fire from stone.

The discovery of fire occurred thus: On a hot summer day an old man who was wandering among the mountains sat down to rest and, having nothing to do, struck one stone against another. Sparks issued from the blow and set alight the dry grass and next dry twigs. The fire extended, and people ran from all parts to gaze at the novel wonder. The further it spread the larger it became and the more the fire bred fear and horror; but fortunately it was extinguished by a downpour of rain. Henceforth the Yakuts learned to kindle fire and to extinguish it. The Yakuts worship fire as a stupendous force; and whenever any sacrifice is offered, they sacrifice in the first place to fire; they give a spoonful of all food to the fire. Thus they throw into it a portion of the first spring kumyss; they worship Al-Iot everywhere.

There are many stories of the honours paid to fire. A certain Mark, on the way to his father-in-law, visited an acquaintance, Vasily. Guests must always be entertained, and if the host has nothing then a pipe should be smoked or a pinch of [286] snuff taken, but on this occasion there was supper. Mark was astonished that his hostess, when getting ready the food, did not, according to the usual custom, pour from the kettle into the fire; and therefore, honouring the fire on his own account, he threw into it a spoonful from the cup served to him at the table. At night Mark woke and, looking across the weak, smouldering light, saw a thin weasened boy sitting at the chimney hearth. The man observed him constantly and heard him say complainingly, 'I have lost flesh here; nobody gives me food; I am always hungry and you were the first to give me a spoonful of gruel. I will do you a good turn for this. Listen to me; depart quickly and you will see that something will happen!' Mark shuddered and, after brief consideration, went away without bidding farewell to his host. He looked round; Vassily's hut was enveloped in flames.

At Matthew Korshook's home a little of what was being cooked was given, by unfailing custom, as its share, to the fire; on which account he prospered; thus his cows calved earlier than other people's, his sour milk was thicker and his butter tasted better.

Old Paul also lived well merely because he did not forget Al-Iot and sacrificed to him. Al-Iot always swept his courtyard, took away the litter in the stalls, walked after his calves and foals and plaited his horses' manes. Paul used to see a little old man with a broom in his hands, who walked along the courtyard and cleaned up the dirt with a spade

and cast the cattle's litter into the window of the stall; and when, after milking the cows, Paul poured the milk into birchwood buckets and put the buckets in the ice-house and went to sleep at the end of his labours, the little old man would go into the cellar and pour the milk from one vessel into another; from this reason, in Paul's belief, his cream was thicker and tastier than others.

Ivan Khooch was going homewards out of a Yakut town when a storm overtook him, so he called to pass the night at the nearest hut. Removing his bags and saddle and placing them under his head, he fell asleep and saw in a dream that a grey-haired old man walked backwards and forwards in the hut. This old man approached Ivan and said, 'I shall come and live with you.' At these words something began to move in the bag under Ivan's head. He woke and jumped from the couch, while a mouse ran out of the bag and, terrified in its [287] turn by a glimpse of Ivan, rushed again into the bag. Ivan understood that the spirit which had promised to come and live with him existed in the form of a mouse. He sat shrivelled up all night in the middle of the hut, and feared to move; but when his host and hostess woke he grew bolder, even began to cough and altogether forgot his desire to sleep. When they arose from their beds he drew the bag to the middle of the hut and turned out all that was in it. He expected to thrust out the mouse, but found only his own things in the bag. He put them back and, without staying for breakfast, rode home. Arriving towards evening and entering his hut, he placed the bag on his bed and

sat down near the chimney. Suddenly the bag moved and an enormous mouse climbed out and ran hastily under the fireplace. Sometime later Ivan learnt that the hut in which he had passed the night stood unoccupied; the owner had left it because, however often he kindled a fire on the hearth, it was always quickly extinguished."

27: Coxwell--287 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 539

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the tale "The Little Old Woman with Five Cows" in category 539, pp. 262-269.]

"The magical horse in this story makes an extremely long speech to the young khan. But he is only one of several of his kind, others being the eight-legged horse in the Buryat, 'The Old Water-sprite,' who warns his master of danger and continues running on only two legs; the horse of the Deathless Skeleton-man, in the Russian, 'Prince Ivan and Princess Maria,' who not only speaks, but performs wondrous deeds, if fed exactly as he demands; the horse in the Gagauzy, 'Concerning the Sun,' who eats hot embers; and the horse in the Russian, 'Water of Life and Death,' who drinks up a stream of running water."

27: Coxwell--287-288 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-2
116, 171, 539

"The plant mentioned early in the present story [RCH: see category 539, pp. 262-269] proves, as the story proceeds, to have been a maiden from heaven, who came to earth as a crane. Later the plant is turned again to a maiden, the heroine of the story. In the Russian story, 'The Fiend,' a girl, who not only is deprived of her relatives but who loses her own life at the hands of a fiend, because she persist [sic] in telling him an untruth, is reanimated as a flower which eventually changes into the maiden's form. Transmutation of [288] a human being into a plant or flower occurs elsewhere. In a German story a maiden is turned into a flower. A huntsman says, 'Father, will you see the maiden who brought me up so tenderly and who was afterwards to murder me, but did not do it, though her own life depended on it?' The king replied, 'Yes, I would like to see her.' The son said, 'Most gracious father, I will show her to you in the form of a beautiful flower,' and he thrust his hand in his pocket and brought forth a pink. Then the flower was changed into the beautiful maiden. (1) Another tale of the kind is the

1. Grimm, No. 76.

modern Greek, 'The Laurel Child'. (2) The classical example of Daphne, who was saved

2. Hahn, No. 21.

from Apollo's embrace by being turned into a laurel, will occur to everyone. Other kinds of transformation are common in these tales. In the Yukaghir, 'Tale of a Fabulous Old Man,' a youth, previously a tooth, is turned into a pair of boots, and in the Kirghiz, 'Fight between Father and Son,' the hero becomes a mountain. Some of the most curious transformations are those of curses into a camel and an ass (Altaian,) and of the sun's wife into a black-beetle (Chukchi). A man is changed into a needle in the Ostyak, 'Aspen-leaf,' in the Bashkir, 'The Water Nymph,' and in the Russian, 'Helen the Fair'; and a girl is changed to a lamp in the Chukchi, 'Tale of the Moon'; a girl becomes a spindle in a Lapp story. But by far the commonest transmutations are into animals; thus, a devoted brother and sister become at death two little birds in the forest (Kumük); and the young mother, who being turned by a witch into a lynx, returns to human form on hearing her infant cry (White Russian). It is comparatively common for a human being in these folk-tales to become a bird (Kalmuck, Buryat, Ossetian, Bashkir, Mordvin, Yakut, Kumuk, Samoyede), or a horse (Kalmuck, Mordvin, Esthonian, Finn, Votyak), or even an ass (Kalmuck, Ossetian) or a bear (Lapp, Russian), or a dog (Mordvin, Ossetian)."

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116, 171, 539

"The imposter-bride in this story is given so extravagantly repulsive an appearance as to bring home to us the difference in taste and mental outlook between the Mongol-Turkish races of Eastern Siberia and ourselves. When she places another person's skin upon her face, the incident is more realistically described than a somewhat similar incident in the German story, 'The Goose-girl.' Her iron tongue recalls 'The Woman with an Iron Tail,' in one of Rasmussen and Worster's [289] Eskimo Folk-Tales. But the ancient Indian stories contain many horrible descriptions of rakshasas. That a devil's daughter of such characteristics should pass herself off as a khan's bride is an indication of the irrationality creeping into some folk-tales. In the Bashkir story, 'Aleyka,' a young wife has her clothes stolen by her child's nurse, and in consequence flies away as a goose. The nurse tells the husband that his wife was drowned, and before long he marries her. In the Mordvin story, 'The Wicked Girl,' a girl takes away her mistress' clothes, and at the end of the journey (the pair are proceeding on a visit) passes herself off as her mistress, and is so received on account of her fine raiment. When her crime is discovered the culprit is punished, as in the Yakut tale, by being fastened to the tail of a horse. In 'The Goose-girl' the action is much the same, though less simple. A young bride is sent with her maid to the bridegroom The maid forces the mistress to quench her thirst at the water's edge, and seeing that the mistress has become weak through loss of a talisman, makes her exchange garments, mounts her mistress' horse and, at the journey's end, passes as the bride. Eventually all is set right and the maid

suffers a cruel death. (1)

1. Grimm, No. 86."

27: Coxwell--289 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 171, 539, 772

"The wedding sports at the end of the story [RCH: see category 539, pp. 262-269; for other Yakut tales mentioned see category 539, pp. 281-285] are remarkable. They were attended by ancestral dwellers from the upper regions, the air, and by ancestral dwellers from the regions below ground. But such details are less astonishing if viewed in the light of the Yakut story, 'Black Hawk.' There shamans are sent from heaven, and a super-natural hero descends from heaven with ninety demon heroes. So again in 'Dyoudus' there is close communication with heaven. Shamans come from heaven in the Yukaghir, 'The Shaman.' In the Chukchi, 'A Folk-Tale,' there is an allusion to a higher people living in a small, dark, separate country."

27: Coxwell--289-290 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 171, 539, 825

"At the end of the fourth Samoyede story there occurs an account of a seven days' journey through the air; while in the Chukchi, 'Tale of a Dead Head,' there is a visit of a family to the higher regions; and in the Lapp 'Cap of Invisibility,' a journey is taken to the stars. With such movements of living persons through vast spaces of air it is natural that ancestral spirits should reside above as well as below ground.

It is not only among the Yakuts that a myth exists concerning a heavenly crane. Among the Ainus the crane is of [290] much importance and is worshipped. According to a legend, a crane came down from heaven, and one day, in the absence of the parent bird, people determined to obtain the young ones from the nest in order to offer a sacrifice. They took not only the young, but the garments found neatly folded beneath them. 'Some hunters say that even now clothes may be found in the nests of cranes.'"

27: Coxwell--290 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-2
116, 539

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the tale "Charchakan" in category 539, pp. 270-273.]

"Despite a gruesome termination, the playful style and fantastic exaggerations of this tale suggest that it is intended for Yakut children. The Kalmuck story, 'The Orphan Bosh and his Whistling Arrow, Tosh,' begins in a similar light-hearted manner. The level of taste being somewhat low among Siberian races, permits of allusions unpleasant to Western ears, and even the Russian tales offend occasionally in this respect. But lovers of folk-tales cannot afford to be squeamish about trifles. The hide and seek episode, recalls a similar one in the Chukchi, 'Tale of the Moon.' The descriptive names of Charchakan's men are comparable to the appellations Beakerman and Trencherman, Oak-twister and Mountain-leveller of Russian stories, but are more realistic. Of another sort are the Ostyak name, 'Restless and Active as an Aspen-leaf'; the Yakut, 'Tender as Milk'; and the Gilyak, 'Son-of-the-Mother-of-Water.' So in Grimm's story, 'The Six Servants,' there is a certain 'Stout One' and another 'Tall One.'

The painful surprise of the glutton and his wife when they found Charchakan was not in the bag, which had been brought home by the glutton, is like that of the peasant and his wife in the Russian story, 'Little Sister and the Wolf,' when they learnt that the sleigh contained no dead vixen from which to obtain a fur collar. Gluttony is a subject not limited to this tale, thus Atdlarneq was a great Eskimo glutton. But once, under pain of being thrashed, he was made to eat a sackful of fish and the blubber from half a

27: Coxwell--290 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-2
116, 539

black seal. After that he felt very well indeed and slept and went home. Cannibalism is briefly treated in a Note to the Yukaghir, 'A Folk-Tale.'"

27: Coxwell--291 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut -1-2
116, 539

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the tale "Flying Birds" in category 539, pp. 273-274.]

"Siberian folk-tales not infrequently deal with animals. Thus there is 'The Man and the Wolf,' a Buryat story in which a wolf has a terrible contest with a man, and the Chukchis have a tale concerning a fox and a wolf. The Kirghiz possess a tale about a fox and other beasts, and there is the story of 'The Friendly Animals,' among the Yellow Ugurs, in which a kite, a fox and a wolf agree to live together, and swear allegiance to each other before the gods.

'Flying Birds' has a parallel in Panchatantra, in which we read that the peacocks and all the other birds held a large public meeting; they said that Garuda (the Brahmany kite) could not protect them and did not know how to govern. One bird wished to choose a king from among the owls, but a crow objected, and said that through Garuda's rule power had been gained, etc.

In a German story birds determined to choose a ruler, and only one bird, the green plover, opposed the project. All the birds assembled, and it was decided that whichever bird flew highest should be ruler. When the trial was made the eagle flew higher than any other bird, except a small bird which had hidden in the eagle's breast, and dared to cry out 'I am king.' The other birds were so enraged at the small bird's audacity that they placed an owl to keep watch over a mouse-hole where he had hidden; they determined to starve him to death. The owl closed both eyes, and the small bird escaped and only

flies at night for fear of his life. The lark was pleased because she did not have to obey the little king. (2)

2. Grimm, No. 171. The Willow-Wren.

In a Flemish tale, called 'The King of the Birds,' the eagle assembled all the birds that they might elect a king of their own in place of the lion. The eagle thought the strongest flier should rule; the nightingale favoured the sweetest singer. The peacock, the turkey and the ostrich had their opinions. The eagle settled that the contest should be decided by power of flight; but the golden crested wren, by riding on the eagle's back, always outdistanced the eagle when the latter came to rest. The wren took refuge in a hole in a tree and the owl failed to prevent the prisoner's escape."

27: Coxwell--292 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 539

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the tale "The Story of the Mighty Hero Keese-Sanyach and his Son" in category 539, pp. 274-280.]

"The voracious raven, who ate a third part of Keese-Sanyach's herd at a meal, is comparable, in appetite, with the eagle in the Russian story, 'The Sea-king and Vasilissa the Wise.' This eagle belongs to the category of grateful animals; he carries a tsar in flight to the thrice ninth land and assists him wonderfully. But long before the eagle so behaves it consumes, year after year, the tsar's sheep and cows, so that the tsar has finally to borrow small beasts of his neighbours. The eagle sent by Zeus to devour the liver of the captive Prometheus daily was able to renew his meal because the liver grew again during the night."

27: Coxwell--292-293 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-2
116, 171, 539, 772

"Accessibility of the upper regions, or heaven, is common to Chukchi, the Ostyak, the Samoyede and the Lappish tales. But if we may judge from the present story, [RCH: see category 539, pp. 274-80] the Yakuts make a special feature of a middle region between earth and heaven, where climatic conditions are perfect and life is a perpetual delight. In 'The Little Old Woman' ancestral spirits from an upper region attended wedding festivities on earth.

The raven, who dwelt in heaven, as related in the Yakut story 'Dyoudus', agreed to send his son and daughter from heaven that they might form alliances with Dyoudus' daughter and son. The pair travelled by the aid of raven horses, a mode of conveyance mentioned in the Russian, 'Tale of a Goat.' In the Russian story, 'Golden Mountain,' ravens carry the carcase of a horse and a man inside it to the summit of a mountain, but in the Bashkir version the task is performed by an eagle.

Such a legend as the 'Story of the Mighty Hero Keese-Sanyach and his Son' is an instance of the heroic tales whose cult is shared by the Altaians, the Kirghiz and others. It is true that side by side with this story there can exist such a tale as 'Dyoudus,' which contains coarse and barbarous details. Similarly, the Chukchis have poetical, though irrational, tales at the same time as they possess certain stories necessarily excluded from this book The mind of the Siberian barbarian appears full of contradictions to those who have advanced beyond him. Meanwhile, the Yakuts can call a maiden 'Tender

as Milk,' and the Ostyaks can name a hero, 'Active and Restless as an Aspen-leaf,' an Esthonian hero (who had once mated with a chicken) can be summoned to desist from re-[293]moving a stone by flowers, bushes, trees and birds; and a Chukchi can liken tears to gently falling rain."

27: Coxwell--293 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 539, 821

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the folk-tale "Why There Are Spots on the Moon" in category 539, pp. 280-281.]

"As in many Siberian and Sub-Arctic tales, the Sun and Moon are treated as familiar objects or persons. In Yakut and Chukchi tales both the Sun and Moon are male. This story is fuller and more poetical than the other versions [RCH: e.g., Buryat and Tungusian], and is the only one which makes mention of a willow. We get here a graphic picture of life in an intensely cold climate."

27: Coxwell--293-295 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut-1-3
116, 539, 58

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the folk-tale "Black Hawk" in category 539, pp. 281-284.]

"Marriage 'by capture' is not unrepresented in Siberian folk-tales. There are signs of it in Koryak myths. In the Altaian story, 'Aymanys,' a bride is gained by violence. She agrees to marry if her wooer can conquer her in single combat, but he fails and she succumbs only after a long contest with the friend who battles on his behalf. Then she becomes a good wife. In 'Black Hawk' the fighting is done by a hero to aid his brother-in-law; he overcomes the bride's numerous defenders and snatches her from a would-be husband. In the circumstantial account of Bashkir marriage customs, to be found further on, it becomes clear that the swain may have to invite, or rely on, help from the girl's friends, if he finds the task of winning her too great. Thus it would seem, at all events in these tales, that marriage by capture may be something other than an expedition by a solitary warrior setting out and seizing a woman and dragging her to his home. In practice, assistance was requisite.

A not infrequent allusion is to be found to marriage by purchase. The Yakut demon's daugher, Loud Voice, informs the husband whom she covets that he will have to pay her brother eighteen mares as a wedding gift. In the Bashkir tale, 'The Deceiver,' money is paid to a matchmaker and handed by her to the maiden's father. In the Yakut story, 'The Little Old Woman with Five Cows,' the bridegroom makes a rich wedding gift to his bride's only parent, her mother. In the Ostyak, 'The Hunter and the Seven-headed

Satyr,' the elk and reindeer hunter receives the youngest of the [294] governor's daughters as wife, 'without being asked for any payment.' Among the Yukaghirs, we are told, the match-maker settles how many reindeer are to be paid by the bride-groom's father as purchase money, and how many reindeer and sledges the maiden brings as dowry.

In the Kirghiz, 'Three Sons' a glimpse is obtained of the custom by which the marriage is consummated in the house of the bride's parents. In the Ethnography of the Bashkirs it is stated that it still sometimes obtains that the husband only takes his wife to his home after several years. In some of the Yukaghir clans the wedding ceremony is simple; a girl's sweetheart is considered to have married her if he brings his gun and bow and hunting equipment when he visits her tent at night. Among the tundra Yukaghirs, the future son-in-law works on probation for a year or two in his future father-in-law's house. The bride's seclusion is alluded to in the Yakut, 'Little Old Woman,' and in the Chukchi story, 'The Young Shaman and his Bride,' the husband says to his wife, when visitors are expected, 'Only let your hand be seen, only your wrist.'

Among the lowest races, such as the Gilyaks, the Samoyedes, the Chukchis and Lapps, the tales do not mention any marriage festivity or celebration, but with the less primitive, and even with the Yakuts, the wedding is accompanied by feasting and games and a holiday of phenomenal duration. In the Kirghiz story, 'Kara Kos Sulu,' the wedding festivities lasted forty days, and the Kirghiz hero, Kysil-batyr, had a long wedding. In the Yakut, 'Little Old Woman,' the celebrations were not only of immense length,

but attended by numerous ancestral spirits, both from the air and from below ground. The tales imply a state of things in which divorce is to be had by the husband at will, and the khan is depicted as able to please himself freely in the matter of taking wives.

Marriage with a witch may mean union with a woman capable of being eventually converted into a beauty of good character, as in the Great Russian, 'The Sorceress'; or it may mean that the wife is much like other women, except that she practises witchcraft, as in the White Russian, 'The Sorceress.' On the other hand, in Siberian stories the witch is apt to display physical repulsiveness, as in Yellow Ugur story, 'Marriage of a Youth and a Witch'; or to become murderous and strangely unnatural, as when in the Bashkir, 'The Witch [295] or Sorceress,' she swallows first a horse and then a cart, and finally eats her daughter-in-law! But marriage may be still more uncomfortable; thus, Black Hawk's first wife (a demon's daughter) removed, during his sleep, parts of his body and used them to supply the deficiencies of her own body. Though perhaps the fantastically hideous demon's daughter, who became the false bride in the Yakut, 'Little Old Woman,' could scarcely figure in any Russian story, yet the Slav imagination is capable of horrors, for in 'Prince Ivan and Princess Maria,' maidens are married to husbands who sometimes assume the form of twenty- and thirty-headed snakes, and in a Lithuanian tale girls are mated to six or nine-headed dragons."

27: Coxwell--295 B-3 (no date) 1925 Yakut
116, 539

[RCH: The following is the author's own comment on the tale "Dyoudus" in category 539, pp. 284-285.]

"A collection of tales from such a vast land as Siberia, populated by primitive or semi-civilised races, may be expected to offer instances of polygamy and polyandry. Whether promiscuity in sexual relations was ever widespread among the human race seems doubtful, but there is occasional latitude among some of the northern Siberian races, as when, for instance, hospitality is offered to men travelling with herds. This tale gives a glimpse of sensual freedom said to characterise love feasts among certain Russian sectaries. The story is another instance of the adherence of the Yakuts to shamanism, and of their belief that a region between earth and heaven is inhabited. The deity Tangar resides in the seventh heaven. Some of the Armenians believe in seven heavens."